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**Governor Miller's Victory**  
In the debate between Governor Miller and Mr. Smith defeat for Mr. Smith was inescapable, and it has clearly come. It has come not because Governor Miller is the more eloquent. Quite to the contrary, Mr. Smith is the experienced debater, a far more ingratiating speaker in every way. Crowds have flocked to hear him as they have flocked to hear other attractive speakers—before Mr. Bryan's day and since. He has had every thing on his side—except the facts.

Governor Miller has fought him with that pitiless efficiency with which he has fought corruption and waste in the state's affairs. He has fought him slowly, carefully, steadily, with facts and figures, without attempt at eloquence, without humoring his audiences. He proved the waste under Mr. Smith's régime, the savings under his own. He showed the efficiency gained, the great projects carried forward and the taxes lowered. He went into St. Lawrence County and told the voters why the St. Lawrence canal was unsound and uneconomic. He went into Buffalo and told labor why it could not use violence in strikes so long as he was Governor. One by one he has taken up the issues. Upon one after another Mr. Smith has argued and pleaded and explained—and been utterly beaten.

Pursuing Mr. Smith here to New York City, Mr. Miller squarely challenged Mr. Smith on the transit issue. Mr. Smith declared that he would abolish the Transit Commission. Governor Miller showed what he had already accomplished through the Transit Commission and what would be accomplished in the future. Seldom have the voters of the city witnessed such complete discomfiture as befell Mr. Smith on this vital issue.

Thus beaten on every real issue of the campaign, Mr. Smith had no choice but to fall back upon irrelevancies. He ends the campaign with but two talking points left—the wet plank of the Democratic platform and the Republican tariff. The one is a cheap pretense that can fool only the most credulous. The other is an issue utterly irrelevant to the campaign for the Governorship of the State of New York. If Mr. Smith were elected Governor unanimously he could not draw one glass of real beer for the workman or alter the Fordney tariff by the fraction of a cent. To proclaim such issues is to admit defeat.

Governor Miller's victory has been earned by hard, efficient work on the stump—exactly as he has earned the right to re-election by his hard, efficient work at Albany. He is not a showy fighter any more than he is a showy worker. He began his term without blare of trumpets; he worked without display. He had on his side only the fact that he was one of the two or three ablest executives the state has ever had the good fortune to find. How he can work and how he can fight are written in the records at Albany and have been abundantly borne home to Mr. Smith and the voters in the last few days.

Governor Miller is to-day one of the outstanding figures in American public life. New Yorkers can be proud of him and thankful of his opportunity to return him to his task for another two years.

**Keep the Bench Out of the Mud**  
When one boss can dictate the nominations of his party for the bench the voters can safeguard the judiciary by voting for the candidate of the opposing party. When the bosses of the two great parties combine to parcel out judicial nominations between them this safeguard disappears.

Such a combination was made this year in New York, with the result that John P. Cohalan, who has an excellent record as Surrogate, was deprived of a renomination. One boss put up the man he wanted on the Surrogate's bench. The other put up a dummy.

If this experiment is repeated the voters may be assured that it will be repeated in every judicial election hereafter. They will be prevented from having any choice as to the men upon whom the public peace, private liberty and the safety of industry depend.

taken by the two bosses as an assurance that hereafter the bench is theirs to deal with as they see fit. The only way to keep it out of the mud of machine politics is by electing Cohalan; to serve notice on the bosses that the people still demand a voice in the selection of their judges.

**Hylan Defends Whalen**

If the business of the great City of New York could be successfully administered by applying billingsgate to public-spirited citizens Mr. Hylan would be a great Mayor. As to "pulling noses," which he also advocates, there is a doubt. Neither he nor his Commissioner of Plant and Structures, whose ineptitude he applauds, has as yet pulled any noses.

But unfortunately for New York it needs more subways and better government and the infiltration of daylight into the bus scandal. Not one of these things can be supplied by hard words.

**The Two Amendments**

Amendment No. 1 to be voted on next Tuesday relates to the transmission of so-called city bills to the Governor after they have been acted on by mayors. At present such measures are sent back to the branch of the Legislature in which they originated. If the Legislature has adjourned they are returned directly to the Governor. The amendment provides that they shall be mailed in all cases to the clerk of the house in which they originated, and that said clerk shall immediately transmit them to the Governor. It seems extraordinary that authority for so trifling a change in administrative method should have to be sought through constitutional amendment.

Amendment No. 2 increases the salaries of the judges of the Court of Appeals. At present the chief judge receives \$14,200 and the associate judges receive \$13,700. Part of this compensation is allowed by the Legislature as expenses, in addition to the constitutional salary of \$10,000. The amendment, as described by the question on the ballot, would increase constitutional salaries from \$10,000 to \$17,500, though it would increase compensation apparently only \$3,800 in the case of the chief judge and \$3,800 in the case of the associate judges.

The Court of Appeals judges deserve better pay. They sit on the highest state tribunal. But Supreme Court justices, inferior in jurisdiction, who sit in three of the nine judicial districts; judges of the Court of General Sessions in this city, and even judges of our City Court for the trial of minor suits draw more money than Court of Appeals judges do. This is a subversion of the seniority principle and an affront put on the dignity of our ranking court.

The state ought to pay all its judges fairly. It should not tolerate any longer the unjust discrimination in effect against the learned and able members of our court of final resort.

**Selling Safety to Americans**

The fact that the number of deaths by automobiles in the United States has increased 11 per cent during the last twelve months shows how urgently the country needs not only safety wares but whole years of safety education.

During the official "Safety Week" celebrated last month, a proper emphasis was placed upon the duties of the pedestrian. He was warned against jay crossings and high walking, and reminded that an automobile going fifteen miles an hour covers twenty feet in a second. It is a lesson which many never learn and others too readily forget. But fully as important is the constant repetition of the warnings to drivers that it is their duty to respect the rights of others.

There are altogether too many drivers who, in the country as well as in the city, never lose a reckless disregard for the rights of others. The fools who, to gain ten seconds, will swoop out of a line on a narrow road and dart in ahead of another car, exposing themselves and perhaps a dozen other persons to accident, are familiar to all. So also the road hogs who fall to comply with the customs of the road and are utterly indifferent to the possibly dangerous consequences to others.

In New York City education of this sort is especially necessary. The tribe of taxi drivers who tear madly through the streets of the city imperiling the lives of innocent pedestrians seems utterly oblivious of the fact that these poor creatures exist, except when they can change them into "fares." It is true that as long ago as 1786 (and probably earlier) people protested that the time had come to curb the reckless driving of the teamsters who, at the rate of five miles an hour, tore down unmarked Broadway of the post-Revolutionary days. But the peril

is now genuine for every one who crosses a street.

Ours is still a country where life and limbs are cheap. A long, hard job of remaking the national attitude lies ahead. Selling safety to hard-headed practical Americans ought to be easy, it might be thought. Plainly, the task is an uphill one and hardly so much as begun.

**Forgetful Southerners**

The removal of the tree planted in the grounds of the Alabama State Capitol in memory of Theodore Roosevelt on the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth would be a cause for shame if it were not obviously the act of irresponsible hoodlums.

There are, of course, still persons in the South who harbor bitterness against the North and for whom the Civil War is yet a living issue—just as the converse is true. They resent the fact that Washington contains so few memorials to Confederate heroes, and for this reason do not cherish the sight of memorials to Northerners in the South.

In the present instance, however, the action is as ungracious as it is unpatriotic. Furthermore, it shows that the Alabamians who perpetrated it have neither the amiability nor the genial humor of their famous fellow-Southerner from the neighboring State of North Carolina.

O. Henry knew well and cherished Southern chauvinism. But he also was broad enough to subject it to his gentle ridicule. In "The Rose of Dixie" he describes at length the tribulations of Colonel Aquila Telfair, editor of the magazine "For and by Southerners," about publishing a very remarkable article by a writer of some repute who had also distinguished himself in other lines. "There is hardly a phase of human life," Colonel Telfair said of it, "which it does not describe wisely, calmly and equitably." But before using it he wished to be sure that the author was a man of good repute and good connections.

When finally it appeared in print it bore the heading, "Second Message to Congress. Written for 'The Rose of Dixie' by a Member of the Well-Known Bulloch Family of Georgia, T. Roosevelt."

**A Connecticut Leader**

John Q. Tilson, of the 3d (New Haven) Connecticut District, is serving his sixth term in the House of Representatives and is a candidate for re-election. He was a Representative-at-Large for four years back in the period in which the Legislature could not bring itself to re-district the state after its representation was increased from four members to five. Connecticut is the land of steady habits, and it seemed almost like sacrilege to break up the neat and cozy arrangement by which the state was cut into four districts, two counties in each. After a great sacrifice to modern progress was made Mr. Tilson gravitated to his home district, the 3d, which he has now represented for nearly seven years.

In the House he came into prominence through his keen interest in military affairs. He had served in the Spanish War as a second lieutenant, and from 1898 to 1916 was an officer in the 2d Connecticut National Guard Regiment, commanding it when the Guard was called out in 1916 and sent to the Mexican border. After the great war broke Mr. Tilson's knowledge of military affairs made him an invaluable adviser on questions of national preparedness. He devoted himself to strengthening the army and promoting the production of arms and munitions. In this field he was a tower of strength from 1915 on.

More recently he has broadened his activities by becoming a member of the Ways and Means Committee. On this he has been of great service to Connecticut's many industries. This fall he has a hard fight on his hands, according to reports from New Haven. His district and state would lose through his defeat, for he has tried capacity and has gained long experience and an exceptional status in Washington. The country would regret seeing a man of his quality and attainments disappear from public life.

**A School of Foreign Affairs**

The suggestion of Chancellor Brown that a college of international affairs be established at New York University deserves serious consideration. Already \$80,000 has been left to the university by the will of Frederic Courtland Penfield, former Ambassador to Austria, for the endowment of scholarships in diplomacy and international affairs. A school of foreign affairs could be established by expanding the idea underlying Mr. Penfield's gift.

There is a real need for such a school. In Washington, where most of the applicants for the consular and diplomatic service reside during the months preceding their examination, the George Washington University offers courses in certain topics of use to these applicants. They have proved of great value to candidates as well as to the Department of State in its efforts to train men for these services.

But a special school of foreign affairs, such as New York University proposes, could be of great use

not only to candidates for posts in the consular and diplomatic services, but also to many young men going into foreign trade and banking. The country needs men trained not only in the languages and economic conditions of foreign nations, but also in the customs of these nations and in the forms and formalities of international intercourse. The consular service is fortunate in possessing many such men. The diplomatic service also contains a number of them. In business they are rarer. Undoubtedly one of the reasons is the difficulty that has existed in the past of acquiring the necessary training. The need of men with a thorough background of international affairs and customs, however, is greater to-day than ever before. Whatever aids their training is therefore of benefit to the nation.

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague

**Altered Purpose**  
When I heard that a king had been crowned  
In the Balkans, a few years ago,  
I admit that I usually found  
That the news was a bit of a blow.  
I had read about Belgrade, Sofia and Nish  
In mid-European romances,  
And I couldn't suppress a long, lingering wish  
That I had that potentate's chances.

To sit on a shimmering throne,  
With a scepter to hold in my hand  
And a jewel-set crown of my own,  
I thought would be perfectly grand.  
I thought of the people who'd bend on my face  
Adoring and rapturous gazes,  
And come every morning surrounding the place  
To sing in a chorus my praises.

But now when I read that a king  
To the old city hall has been led,  
And given a scenter to swing  
And a crown to clasp down on his head,  
No envy comes up to embitter my breast,  
I have not a thrill of ambition,  
But feel well assured that kind heaven knew best  
When it gave me my humble position.

For the kings that they crown over there  
Stay around for a year or a week.  
If the bauble remains on their hair  
Eighteen months they're considered unique.  
As soon as a dynasty sways its new powers  
A fresh revolution upsets it.  
So I'd far rather dwell in a country like ours,  
Where a man keeps a job when he gets it.

**Unending Demand**  
Milk is not so much adulterated as it was.  
The bootleggers are crowding the milkmen away from the pump.

**Taking Horace Greeley's Tip**  
Apparently the idea of the young Turk is to go West and grow up with the country.

**Always Interfering With Happiness**  
Reformers never seem to do anything popular—like prohibiting jazz music.

**Justices Lehman and McGoldrick**  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Three justices of the Supreme Court will be selected by the voters of Manhattan and Bronx boroughs on Tuesday next. Both of the great parties have nominated for two of those positions Justice Irving Lehman and Justice Edward J. McGoldrick, who are at present discharging their duties on the bench. Neither is making any active campaign and the fear has been expressed lest voters may in ignorance of their exceptional fitness for judicial position fail to vote for them.

Justice Lehman has served the full term of fourteen years, during which time he has displayed those remarkable judicial qualities and attainments which have secured for him the approval of all the bar. Justice McGoldrick's record on the bench under appointments from both Governor Smith and Governor Miller, while shorter, is no less distinguished by merit, and he has been endorsed by all the bar associations and is receiving the unqualified support of the bar.

It would be a great public loss if the voters should through neglect fail to return both of them to office. Their position on the bench followed by nomination by both parties precludes them from conducting any active campaign in their own behalf, and many voters cannot be made aware of their candidacy and of their merits except through such publicity as the press may give to their candidacy.

HENRY L. SHERMAN.  
New York, Nov. 3, 1922.

**Another Clever Baby**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Recalling the very interesting picture of the fourteen-months-old baby who could whistle, I am wondering if you are interested in one of our children. She is seventeen months old and among other rather unusual things she feeds herself with ease and quite naturally with a fork.

I am always careful to call my eight-year-old daughter's attention to all stories about clever, intelligent children, because I think it stimulates interest in effort and has a good influence generally.

GLADYS M. DAVID.  
New York, Nov. 3, 1922.

**Not Peerless**

(From The Toronto Globe)  
In no sense can it be said that the new British Ministry is without a peer.

**The Tower**  
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M. A. C.'s five-year-old daughter, hearing there was whooping cough in the neighborhood, remarked the other day:  
"Well, if I catch it, I hope I won't die with it. I wouldn't want to take whooping cough to the angels."

**Whoozo**  
He's always Most, and never Least; Always Just about to Crow; Full of Ego, Bounce and Blow; Has Pride enough to Bust a Vest—Although he's Naught but Head and Chest!  
CYRIL B. EGAN.

"Secretary of the Treasury Mellon," says a news story, "has given foreign shipping interests a breathing spell."  
This, no doubt, is for the purpose of smothering their breath.

**TO A BUZZARD SWINGING IN SILENCE**

I never knew how fair a thing  
Was freedom till I saw you swing,  
Ragged, exultant, black and high,  
Against a hollow, windy sky—  
You that with such a horrid gait  
Lumber and flop with red, raw pate!  
I never saw how beauty grew  
From ugliness, until you flew  
With soaring, somber, steady beat  
Of wings rough-edged to grip the fleet  
Far-coursing horses of the sky  
To ride, to ride them gloriously,  
O silent buzzard—you whose sin  
On earth is to be shackled in  
To horror—teach me how to go  
Like you, to beauty, sure and slow;  
Like you to slay such carrion things  
And lift and lift to high, clean skies,  
Where winds and sun and silence ride,  
Like you, O buzzard, glorified.  
MARJORIE STONEMAN DOUGLAS.  
Miami, Fla.

**Bitter-Sweet**  
While strolling through the lovely autumn woods,  
The bitter-sweet looked sweet enough to eat;  
And, though I've often bit a sweeter bit,  
I've never bit a sweeter bitter-sweet.  
J. H. W. JR.

Ambassador George Harvey, very evidently trying for an effect of whimsical humor, seems to have succeeded in getting himself in bad. No one capable of thought at all, and taking the trouble to think for a minute, really supposes that Mr. Harvey wishes to go on record with the serious statement that he believes that women have no souls. It is merely that a gentle josh has gone wrong. And he is being reprehended for it as indignantly as if he had spanked a white-haired mother with a shovel.

A noted public speaker once told us his recipe for getting across a joke or a piece of satire to a mixed audience with the assurance that it would be understood in the mood and spirit in which it was delivered.

"First take three operations," he said. "First you tell them that you are going to tell them an amusing story. Then you tell them the story, telling them that you are telling it. Then you tell them that you have told them an amusing story, telling them once again just what it is. Then they get it and get the fact that you are not serious about it." A whimsical mood may survive print. But we have noticed that it seldom survives the telegraph. Mr. Harvey should adopt the principle of explaining at least three times that he is merely being amusing, and should insist in the future that his explanation of his humor be telegraphed to the world along with the humor itself.

**Popular Dialogue Revived**  
"Al's here!"  
"Al who?"  
"Al Cohol."  
MERWIN LANE.

**OUR OWN WALL MOTTOES**

FIE! OH, FIE!  
AND SHAME  
ON YOU!  
WHEREFORE DO YOU  
ALWAYS SHIRK  
ALL  
THE THINGS  
YOU'D LIKE TO DO  
MERELY  
FOR THE SAKE  
OF WORK?

Lloyd George is quoted as having said recently:

"Wesley and Whitefield brought America into the war. I don't know the exact figures of our debt to America. I am told it is a thousand millions at the present moment. It is nothing to the debt America owes us. I should like to write the balance sheet. Debit, one thousand and ninety millions; Credit, John Wesley and George Whitefield. I am not talking about Shakespeare, Burns and Milton, who are all in the account, and Roger Williams and the Pilgrim Fathers."

But then, on the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George, do not forget that America has given Lord Astor to England.

**A Warning**

Sir: I haven't heard from Mehtablat lately. Am worried. Tell her that cats with the spirits of Villon or Boccaccio may be all right—in any but a Victorian sense—but to distrust any Tommy that claims to be a reincarnation of Henry VIII.

—BILL.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, and Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, disagree as to what happened at certain Cabinet meetings in 1917, where both were present and where both made notes, at the time or immediately afterward. How can historians hope to get the straight of anything when eye and ear witnesses who were at the same time participants are at variance? Possibly it will not make a great deal of difference—history is written only to be forgotten.

DON MARQUIS.

**PICTURE OF WORLD DIPLOMACY TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO DO TO REDUCE THE TENDENCY TO WAR**  
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**The Germans Through French Eyes**

By André Lang  
(From Le Figaro)

Since my return I have been asked numerous questions, which show me clearly what people want to learn from the journalist coming home from Germany. I am therefore going to answer these questions.

**Questions asked by a pretty woman:**  
"Are the German women always ugly?"  
They take on weight on growing old; but among the younger there are some who are charming.

"How do they dress?"  
Quite neatly, when they don't think of it.

"Can you find there beautiful stockings?"  
Yes; and at prices very reasonable to a French woman.

"And when shall we have war?"  
Alas! Too soon!

**Questions asked by men:**  
"Is the hate against France general?"  
They are tired of war, and the idea of having to fight against any one would drive them to revolt. But many are convinced that we need to be "chastised," and that things afterward would go better. Such a chastisement would not be considered war, but a salutary operation.

"And why this hate?"  
They say: "The French would have obtained everything, from Germany in the armistice had they been better advised about our mentality and the sincerity of our evolution. Instead, we have got the impression that the republic was rudely struck as would have been the empire, and we do not forgive our disappointment."

"And what do you think?"  
I think that Germany is recovering and growing in all directions. She hates us for preventing her recovering and growing even much quicker.

"You consider them stronger than we?"  
They are not stronger than we and never have been so. Only they won't lose time.

"But the decline of the mark, the excessive inflation. . . . You do not believe in Germany's bankruptcy?"  
I think that too many people in the world have an interest in favoring Germany's prosperity so that she may escape a veritable catastrophe. A man is not ruined when his safe is empty, but only when no one thinks him capable of filling it up again. Only the weak are permitted to die.

**Questions asked by parents:**  
"Will our children have to fight anew?"  
I fear so.

"There is to be a new war? But our soldiers are at home! They are disarmed!"  
That's what worries them!

"Will not the League of Nations prevent it?"  
In the great European drama of

which we have perhaps witnessed only the prologue, the League of Nations will very conscientiously play the part of the chorus in the antique tragedies. But it has no other weapon than its good will. Could it avoid the late Turko-Greek conflict? Will it intervene in the Dardanelles?

**Questions asked by pacifists:**  
"Is not Germany sincerely republican?"  
I have seen President Ebert received in Berlin and Marshal Hindenburg in Munich. It is difficult for me to-day to believe that Germany is thoroughly republican. . . . Whatever the sincerity of the mar of to-day be, it proves nothing. The German Republic will, respect, attain her adult age, that is certain. At the present time it is but a little girl that has not yet had her children's maladies. A little girl, anemur from overgrowth. Ebert is a good guardian, but the nurse, where is the nurse? This little girl must be grown tonic; she loves only iron, and that's very dangerous.

"Are there really so many secret depots of arms as it is reported?"  
What is graver than the guns and cannons is the desire they have to use them. When there are guns and the desire is wanting, there comes the rust. When the desire increases and only the guns are lacking, then comes the war.

"You forget the Socialists, all those who have been smitten by the war, and all those that are being hit by the peace!"  
I don't think I forget them. The socialist obstruction is, in fact, the only curb. It is possible that it will function in time. Since 1918 a great part of the German people have been suffering. Almost everywhere, in the popular quarters, the children you meet show the signs of debility or misery. Its exact logic would require that the sight of this distress would enlighten the Germans. They should say: "Here is the generation of the Kaiser, here you have the generation of militarism!" Now, they say: "See here the generation of the blockade. It is the culture of hate. These little ones have not made the war. Later they will wish to have their share of glory, without seeking to know what price is paid for it."

"Did you not say that in Berlin. . . ."

The German Republic, in Berlin, would like to live and seeks support. But it is really powerful only in Berlin. You meet there courteous and sensible people who incline you to optimism. Alas! No sooner do you leave your room or the domain of literature and art, than the horizon is somber and all shades. In saying this I think of Germany of the East and the people of Central Europe. It's there where the soil cracks. Russia exists; it is too much forgotten with us. From Moscow an arm has been stretched out. From Berlin an arm has responded. And uneasy Poland gets disconcerted to have to live henceforth under the shadow of this formidable handshake. One can no longer believe in the peace when one has passed through Danzig.

"Are there not people who sincerely think of a Franco-German rapprochement?"  
There are many.

"And what is their thesis?"  
With admirable brevity one of them has summed it up to me. He said to me literally, after a long discussion: "For France to be happy, Germany must be prosperous."

**What Readers Say**

**Calder's Work for Veterans**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Dr. Copeland is quoted as saying: "It took Senator Calder until October 12, 1922, to discover the appalling need of the wounded veterans in the Hospital for Veterans." I have seen the splendid work done by Senator Calder and his associates in this hospital for a period of three years. Men who have waited months and months for compensation have always obtained very quick results by referring the case to Senator Calder. He has always given his particular attention to disabled ex-service men.

T. W. MARSHALL,  
United States Naval Hospital,  
Brooklyn, Oct. 30, 1922.

**Dry Ship Encouragement**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: I have observed your editorial commenting on the decision of Judge Hand with relation to the application of the prohibition amendment to ships flying the American flag. In the editorial referred to you indicate that some one is going to lose money and that Congress should enact a law permitting the sale of intoxicating liquors on ships. Congress has no right to pass any such law. If passed it would promptly be brought to test and declared unconstitutional. The Constitution calls for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors and no enactment of Congress could nullify that amendment.

I have a friend and neighbor who has crossed the equator twenty-seven times on trips to and from South America. He has crossed the Atlantic Ocean at least a dozen times traveling to Europe. His testimony is that not more than 15 per cent of the passengers drink any intoxicating liquors. A very much smaller number care particularly whether they are able to get

**Flags Out on Election Day**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Let all citizens hang out the flag from their homes on Election Day!  
During the war on all occasions we hung out the flag. War is abnormal and short; peace is normal and of longer duration. Why not, then, in peace times? Let the schools, though closed on that day, armories and all public buildings fly the colors.  
Election Day is essentially citizens' day, the greatest day in the American's civic calendar. The exercise of the suffrage is the greatest privilege that any American man or woman possesses. Let us then do everything in our power to dignify, beautify and glorify the exercise of that patriotic function.  
During the war our streets were made bright and cheerful by a liberal display of flags. November days are often dull, dreary, depressing. By hanging out Old Glory we will help make Election Day colorful, cheerful.

If our citizens will display the colors on Election Day this custom will spread and it will become an American institution. DWIGHT BRAMAN,  
Chairman Allied Patriotic Societies.  
New York, Nov. 2, 1922.